



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

it on a green; and, to be shure, when Hollyeve was coming round, and the martial law was over them still, they thought it would be a murder entirely, if they were to lose their sport; so a month or six weeks afore it, the boys made an agreement to be as quiet as it was in their nature to be up to Hollyeve at any rate, to get off the martial law in time for the fun. So peaceable a parish for all that time wasn't to be had in all Ireland; a collection of all the rusty pikes and useless guns was made up for the priest, ould Father Coffey, rest his sowl in glory, he's dead this many a year, an' he didn't lave the like of himself behind; but as I was sayin', you couldn't hear a stir in the parish all that time, an' at length Father Coffey went to the magistrates with his kish o' arms to beg off the martial law for that night, at any rate; but, bedad, they were too cute for him, an' wouldn't do it—so the poor Father had to come back to us wid the bad news, an' the never a bit sorrier we were than he was himself. Well, sir, still an' all, the girls wouldn't stay at home—for they said to themselves that shure no yeoman, if he was an Irishman, at all, at all, would trouble a colleen for only goin' out for a bit of natural fun on Hollyeve: so three o' them gathered with ould Mary Lennon's daughters in the three old stone-walls at the butt o' the hill below; but they were a bran new house then, that Nick Lennon built for his ould mother and sisters that very year when he went to Kilman, to Mr. Cosgrove's; so they met there, an' the five 'girls' all went out and washed their shifts in the devil's name in the mill-stream, an' brought them in an' put them to the fire to dry, an' whoever came in an' turned them, you know, was to be their sweet-heart. Well, sir, they were all standing round the fire finishing the spell, and thinkin' of no mischief at all, at all, when they heard a terrible clatter over their heads, an' before they could run from the spot, down came the new brick chimney that was only finished that day three weeks, an' that was the pride and beauty of the whole parish—down it came, sir, slashing the coals about—burning one girl's shins, and smashing another's, and tumbling the chairs about, so that it was well even they got out with their lives—for they all thought, your honour, that the ould boy was comin' down the chimney, as there was no doubt he was. They all ran out—but there was another fright afore them outside, for the minute the door opened they saw five white figures vanish down the boreen—so they couldn't tell, for the lives of them, whether it was better to go into the devil or out to the ghosts, and they all began to shout millia murder, until they brought down a parcel of yeoman that was patrolling the country to see was all quiet. When the yeomen heard what they had to say, an' all about the five ghosts,

"Humph, (says one of them) I'll be bound they were the images of your five sweethearts that the devil frightened away—what do you think yourselves, now? But I'll warrant I'll coax them back to you to finish the trick; spur men, after the ghosts."

"And away they all galloped down the boreen the same way that the ghosts vanished. Well, sir, the girls all ran up to the top of the hill to see what would come of such a chase; an' bedad they weren't there a minute when the five figures swept by them all in white—an' shure enough they were the images of their own five sweethearts, and the yeomen all in pursuit after them. Stone walls were nothing to them—I'm blest but I hear 'twas the finest steeple chase ever seen in this country, for the noise they made brought all the neighbours to their doors to see the fools of yeomen following the wind—an' of course a field behind it. On they went over walls, and drains, and ditches, leaving a horse and man at every second leap they made, until at last there was only three of them when the five figures vanished at the door of a shebeen house, near a mile off from where they started; but that wasn't enough for the yeomen—so they lit off their horses and burst in the door, and what do you think but they found the five boys lying all fast and sound asleep in their shirts, by the fire-side, on a bed of heath."

"Get up you vagabonds," says the head of the yeomen, "get up," says he, "and account for what brings ye here, and why you knocked down the woman's chimney;" and with that he set to wetting them with the flat of his

sword until the poor boys wakened and begun to stare about them, not knowing of course where in the world they were, or what was the matter at all, at all.

"Arrah, then," says one of the gossoons, when he got wide awake, "what thricks is it your playin' on us bringin' us here out of our warm beds—musha it's a shame for you."

"Why then, the sorra take your impudence," says the yeoman, "why did you bring us here at last—when you wanted to sham sleep on us couldn't you do it anywhere else without bringing us such a wild-goose chase? but you'll suffer for it."

"Well, my dear sir, the poor boys could neither make head nor tail of what they heard—and small blame to them, as you'll hear in the end; but what surprised them more than anything was, that the man of the house accused the yeoman of breaking into his cabin while he was asleep, and bringing the boys in, for he offered to give his book oath there were no boys there when he went to bed; but all wouldn't do, and the poor boys were tied together and brought off to the next town to be tried for breaking the martial law by being away from home after nightfall, and moreover for throwing down a chimney. In a few days the trial came on, and after the yeomen swore all they could, the boys were called on for their defence; and indeed they hadn't much fear of what was to come, for a better defence couldn't be than they had—first came their fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and all, and swore that they saw them in bed that night after eating their supper, and that they didn't leave the houses that night, nor couldn't; and the man of the shebeen-house helped, for he swore they didn't enter his house that night; and the boys themselves gave the quarest account of any, for they left it on their sows that they didn't know at all, at all, how they got into the shebeen-house, barrin' they were carried there in their sleep, for that the last thing they could remember that night was, that they went to bed in their own houses, and when they waked they found themselves in the shebeen-house with the yeomen beating them. What do you think, sir, but when they said that, the judge, and jury, and all, instead of being frightened as they ought at such a terrible thing, burst out laughing, and would hear no more by no manner of means, but insisted that it was all nonsense, and, without more ado, sentenced the poor fellows to a year's imprisonment each, and declared that if they had the girls they'd treat them in the same way—so now you see what power that spell had to take the poor crathers up out of their beds unknown to themselves and whisk them that way over the whole country without ever wakening them, and then lay them inside of a cabin without ever opening the door; for it is plain, you see, that they were coming to turn the shifts after being called in the name of the ould boy, until the yeomen broke the spell, particularly because they were all married after to them five girls—indeed I hard it whispered among the boys that they got a hint the girls were to meet that night, and that they all made an agreement to steal out and give them a fright, and that one of them got up on the chimney to look down and see what they were at, and that the chimney broke and fell down by reason that it was so new, and that when the yeomen pursued them they got unknownst into the shebeen house through a back window, and all that sort of thing, but that was only to stop people's mouths, for every knowledgeable person knew right well how it came about, though they didn't like to say much about it, as who would? but you may believe whichever side of the story you like best, and indeed I'm thinkin' I'm not far astray as to which of them will appear to you the most likely."

M.C.

SCULPTURE.

Of the several classes of the fine arts, that of sculpture is the most simple in its execution, and the least exposed to those inroads which presumption and quackery are ever making. It is an art that can never become very common: the very nature of the material, the actual expense of marble, will for ever prevent it from being degraded by common-place practitioners. An artist in this walk, must have attained to some degree of repute, and be

pretty certain of his abilities, before he will venture to try his skill on an expensive block of marble. It is quite otherwise with regard to painting, the materials for which are within the reach of most people, and consequently a vast number of persons are engaged in the practice of this art, with all the attendant varieties of success, that doubtful precepts and unfixed principles can give.

The student in sculpture generally destroys his clay studies as soon as they are finished; thus all the progressive and weak efforts of his talents are never seen, and when in maturer years he produces a work of consequence, we are generally surprised as well as delighted. Of all the great works of the Greeks, not any of their studies have come down to us; and when we contemplate the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Venus, &c. &c. our wonder is excited: they are so far elevated above ordinary productions, that there appears, to the enthusiastic mind, almost a something miraculous attached to them. There is a grandeur and a likeness to nature, in these great remains of art, which we cannot account for. Every part being so well understood—all the external anatomy, the hands, the feet, the knees, the shoulders—the passion of torturous grief in the Laocoon, of godlike dignity in the Apollo, and of tranquillity, (that great component part of beauty,) in the Venus. To these may be added, that amazing expansion of intellect, happily perfected by great study, all combining to raise this highly favoured people to a height, to which all nations since have yielded the pre-eminence.

The sculptor, unlike the painter, is not embarrassed in his progress, by a monstrous variety of methods, perpetually decoying him from the path of legitimate study. While the latter is wasting his precious time on white grounds or black grounds—varnishes or magilps—flickering lights and Venetian processes—the other is pursuing a steady and uniform course, unvaried in its process from the days of Phidias to the present time.

SUMMER IS PASSING.

Sweet summer is passing, the spring has gone by,

And all its fair beauties are faded and fled;

I've seen the sweet primrose and hyacinth die,

And roses ere long must their blushing tints shed.

This moment we breathe is the next moment past,

And the hour of bliss we can scarcely enjoy,

For Time's silken wings move insensibly fast

Our roses to wither, our bliss to destroy.

Oh, surely, then, here we're not destined to rest.

Where all things are transient and passing away,

Our pleasures ephemeral, short, and unblest,

That sport in the sunshine and die in a day.

As the eyes that tow'rd's heaven's bright orb never soar,

Content with the beams on the rivulet play'd,

So we, too, might think of our Eden no more,

If thou, lovely Summer, wert never to fade.

IGNORA.



ADAM AND EVE LAMENTING OVER THE BODY OF ABEL.

Designed and Executed by John Gallagher, formerly a Pupil in the Schools of the Dublin Society,